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THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

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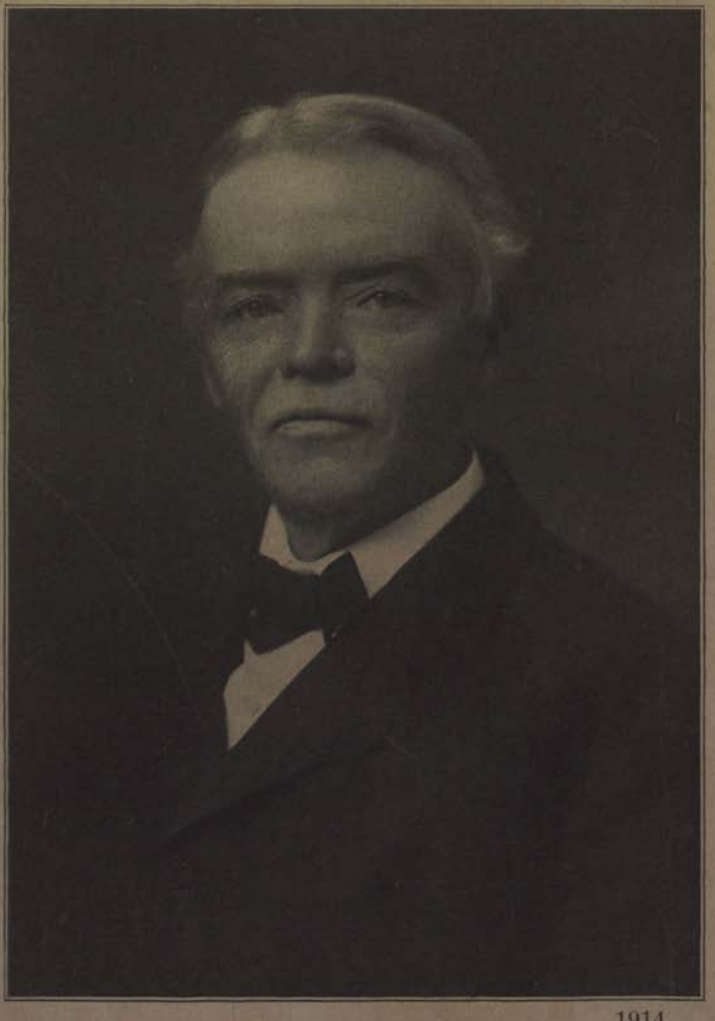

1914

Josiah Royce

THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

BY

JOSIAH ROYCE

LATE ALFORD PROFESSOR OF NATURAL RELIGION
MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND CIVIL POLITY
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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PREFATORY NOTE

ON September fourteenth 1916 Josiah Royce died, in his sixty-first year. The essays composing the present volume were written during the last year of his life and, thus representing his latest phases of thought, and being in the press at the time of his death, they become, in some sort, a memorial volume. The very title seems almost prophetic.

Some of Professor Royce's friends have thought that no more fitting tribute to his memory could be found than the memorial verses of Miss Laura Simmons already published in the *Boston Herald* and the *New York Times*. Miss Simmons graciously permits their repetition here.

KATHARINE ROYCE.

JOSIAH ROYCE

1855–1916

Lord, grant him still some task for heart and brain —
A man's rich day of usefulness again!
Eager, yet all unhurried — poised to meet
All Fate holds forth of triumph or defeat.

O God most Wise — who deftly takes away
The tools and playthings of our little day,
Take Youth, and hope, and dreams surpassing fair,
But not the work we love!

Somehow, somewhere,
The master-mind moves toward the goal it sought!
Spare him his splendid quest — his crystal thought —
His vision sure, that was our all-delight
Till dusk enwrapped him, and the long, long night.

The scene — where shifted? Where at Thy behest
That hoard of priceless lore made manifest?
What service for the restless hand and heart,
So lavish of the wealth they could impart?
Surely Thy blessed vineyard cannot spare
Such craftsman, but must hold him dear and rare!

Some day, in Thy good time, shall we once more
About him press, and marvel as before?
Shall we of lesser mold behold him still
On Thy high tasks intent — dauntless of will,
And in his work the old-time matchless skill?

LAURA SIMMONS.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS IN THE PRESENT WAR	1
II.	THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LUSITANIA	14
III.	THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY	25
IV.	THE POSSIBILITY OF INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE	71
V.	THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA, MAY 7TH, 1916	93
VI.	WORDS OF PROFESSOR ROYCE AT THE WALTON HOTEL AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1915	122

THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

CHAPTER I

THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS IN THE PRESENT WAR

I FULLY agree with those who believe that men can reasonably define their rights only in terms of their duties. I have moral rights only in so far as I also have duties. I have a right to my life because it gives me my sole opportunity to do my duty. I have a right to happiness solely because a certain measure of happiness is needed to adapt me to do the work of a man. I have a right to possess some opportunity to fulfil the office of a man; that is, I have a right to get some chance to do my duty. This is, in fact, my sole inalienable right.

This doctrine that rights and duties are correlative is an old teaching. It is also a

dry and somewhat abstractly worded bit of wisdom, unwelcome to our more flippant as well as to our more vehement moods, and of late unpopular. I am not here to expound it. I mention it only because I rejoice that we are here to-day to consider what we have deliberately chosen to name *the duties of Americans in the present war.* I doubt not that we Americans have also our *rights* in the world crisis through which we are passing. I was glad and eager to sign the recent memorial, addressed to the President of the United States, and issued by the "Committee on American Rights." But I signed that memorial with enthusiasm just because I believe not only that the American rights in question are genuine, but that they correspond with our duties as Americans, and with the duty which our country now owes to mankind. It is of our duties that I now rejoice to speak to you.

Two things have made clear to many of us Americans since the outset of the present war — and to some of us with a constantly

increasing definiteness of vision — what our duty is. First the fact that, in this war, there is constantly before our eyes the painfully tragic and sublime vision of one nation that, through all its undeserved and seemingly overwhelming agonies, has remained unmistakably true to its duty — that is, to its international duty, to its honor, to its treaties, to the cause, to the freedom, and to the future union of mankind. That nation is Belgium.

In the heart of every true American this consciousness ought therefore to be kept awake (and, in many of our minds this consciousness is glowingly and radiantly active and wakeful), — the desire, the longing, the resolution: "Let us, let our dear republic, do our duty as Belgium and the Belgian people have done theirs. Let us, with all our might, with whatever moral influence we possess, with our own honor, with our lives if necessary, be ready, if ever and whenever the call comes to our people, to sacrifice for mankind as Belgium has sacrificed; to hazard all, as Belgium has hazarded all, for

the truer union of mankind and for the future of human brotherhood." That vision of Belgium's noble and unsparing self-sacrifice for international honor is one of the two things that to-day constantly remind us of what international duty is, and so what our own American duty is.

The second thing which constantly keeps wide awake, in the minds of many of us here in America, the knowledge of what our duty is, is the moral attitude which has been deliberately and openly assumed by Germany since the outset of the war. This attitude gives us what will remain until the end of human history, one great classic example of the rejection, by a great and highly intelligent nation, of the first principles of international morality, — the rejection of international duty, the assertion that for its own subjects, the State is the supreme moral authority, and that there is no moral authority on earth which ranks superior to the will of the State.

The assertion has often been made that

we Americans have believed the lies of Germany's enemies, and have thus been ignorantly and wofully deceived. Countless German attempts have been made to tell us through books, pictures, newspapers, — sometimes through other documents, — what Germany's real motives are. I am sure that I speak the minds of many of you, my countrymen and fellow citizens, when I say that, next to the vision of bleeding and devoted Belgium, — that suffering servant of the great community of mankind, — no picture more convincingly instructs us regarding our duty, than the picture that comes before our minds whenever we remember Germany's summons at the gates of Liège, or recall von Jagow's answer to one of President Wilson's early *Lusitania* notes, or when, more recently, we read the first Austrian note in answer to President Wilson's peremptory demand about the case of the *Ancona*.

No, not Germany's enemies, but Germany herself, her prince, her ministers, her submarine commanders, have given us our prin-

cipal picture of what the militant Germany of the moment is, and of what Germany means for the future of international morality. This picture constitutes the second of the two great sources of our instruction about what our American duty in this war is.

We are all accustomed to "look on this picture, and then on this." The first of the two pictures is now familiar, — inexpressibly sad and dear to us. Belgians are amongst us as friends or as colleagues; Belgian relief is one of the principal good causes of American charity. Belgian wrongs — but also Belgian heroism and Belgian unswerving dutifulness — are before our eyes as inspiring admonitions of what is the duty of Americans in the present war. That constitutes the one picture. The other, — well, Germany has chosen to set before us this second picture. That, in its turn, has now become too familiar. But since our memory for diplomatic notes easily and early begins to fail, that second picture often tends to fade out amongst us. And since we all long for

peace to come, and since some faint hearts forget that it is as immoral to make light of grave wrongs, and merely to condone them, as it is irrationally to cry out with lust of vengeance, — since these things are so, there are Americans who forget the second picture, and forget that Germany has done as much as Belgium to set before us what our international duty, as individuals and as a nation, really is.

What that second picture means, what spirit it expresses, what view of the nature of each nation's obligations to mankind it sets before us, we have not been left to learn from the enemies of Germany. The chief ally of Germany, whose submarine policy was "*made in Germany*," and whose will in this matter is the will of Germany, lately explained the matter to us in unmistakable terms. I refer to the *Ancona* case. President Wilson accepting, not any so-called "lies" of the enemies of Germany, but the official statement of the submarine commander who sank the *Ancona* after that

vessel had ceased to make her effort to escape, and while her passengers were still in danger of drowning in case their vessel was sunk,— President Wilson addressed to Austria a note in which he plainly and accurately said that the officially reported act of the submarine commander was in principle barbarous and abhorrent to all civilized nations. Austria in its reply very courteously, ironically, and cynically thanked our Government for the "esteemed favor" of its communication, and expressed its entire ignorance of what law, of what principle of international morality, there might be which the submarine commander was supposed, by the American Government, to have violated.

Now this Austrian reply, — widely praised by the inspired German press as a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, and received with "quiet joy" by the official lovers and defenders of the German submarine policy, — was precisely in the spirit of Cain's reply when he was challenged from overhead regarding the results of his late unpleasantness with his

brother Abel. For Cain, while his brother's blood was crying from the ground, received a somewhat stern diplomatic communication from a moral power, demanding: "Where is thy brother?" And Cain in substance begged to acknowledge the esteemed favor of this communication from on high, and seems at first to have taken a certain *stilles Vergnügen* in begging to represent first that, so far as he knew, he was not his brother's keeper; while, for the rest, he desired most respectfully, and in the friendliest spirit, to inquire what law of God or man he was supposed to have broken.

Now this is the spirit of international immorality, — this is the sort of enmity to mankind, — which the German submarine policy, its official allies and defenders, have expressed and justified. Upon this second picture, then, with its lurid contrast to the picture of Belgium, we have to look when we think of our duty as Americans. For deliberate national deeds cannot be undone, nor can their official justifications be lightly con-

doned by reason of later diplomatic trifling, and by reason of speciously well-written notes of apology and withdrawal. The deed stays. Its official justification reveals motives, and confesses a national spirit, whose moral meaning is as irrevocable as death. We Americans know what the *Lusitania* outrage meant, and to what spirit it gave expression. That spirit has the "primal eldest curse upon it, — a brother's murder." For the young men, the women, the babies, who went down with the *Lusitania* were our dead. At least I know — some of whose pupils were amongst the victims of the *Lusitania* — that they were my dead. And the mark of Cain lasts while Cain lives.

Such facts determine the duty of Americans in this war. Our duty is to be and to remain the outspoken moral opponents of the present German policy, and of the German state, so long as it holds this present policy, and carries on its present war. In the service of mankind, we owe an unswerving sympathy not to one or another, but to

all of the present allied enemies of Germany. We owe to those allies whatever moral support and whatever financial assistance it is in the power of this nation to give. As to munitions of war: it is not merely a so-called American right that our munition-makers should be free to sell their wares to the enemies of Germany. It is our duty to encourage them to do so, since we are not at the moment in a position to serve mankind by more direct and effective means. For the violation of Belgium, and the submarine policy of Germany and of her ally — a policy deliberately and boastfully avowed as long as the central powers deemed such avowal advantageous — this violation and this policy together suffice to keep clearly before our eyes the fact that Germany, as at present disposed, is the wilful and deliberate enemy of the human race. It is open to any man to be a pro-German who shares this enmity. But with these two pictures before our eyes, it is as impossible for any reasonable man to be in his heart and mind

neutral, as it was for the good cherubs in heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy glowing clouds, and saw the angels fall. Neutral, in heart or in mind, the dutiful American, when once he has carefully looked upon this picture, and then on this, will not and cannot be. He must take sides. And if he takes sides as I do, he will say:

"Let us do all that we as Americans can do, to express our hearty, and, so far as we can, our effective sympathy with the united friends of Belgium, who are the foes of those German enemies of mankind. Whenever the war is over, if it ends in the defeat and consequent moral reform of Germany, then in due time let Charity have its perfect work. For we in America have long loved and studied German civilization, and would be loving it still but for its recent crimes. But now, while the war lasts, and Belgium bleeds, and mankind mourns, let us aid the allied enemies of Germany with sympathy, since the cause of the allied enemies of Germany is the cause of man-

kind; let us enthusiastically approve of supplying the enemies of Germany with financial aid and with munitions of war, let us resist with all our moral strength and influence those who would place an embargo upon munitions, let us bear patiently and uncomplainingly the transient restrictions of our commerce which the war entails, let us be ashamed of ourselves that we cannot even now stand beside Belgium, and suffer with her for our duty and for mankind, and while we wait for peace let us do what we can to lift up the hearts that the Germany of to-day has wantonly chosen to wound, to betray, and to make desolate. Let us do what we can to bring about at least a rupture of all diplomatic relations between our own republic and those foes of mankind, and let us fearlessly await whatever dangers this our duty as Americans may entail upon us, upon our land and upon our posterity. We shall not thus escape suffering. But we shall begin to endure, as Belgium to-day endures, for honor, for duty, for mankind."

CHAPTER II

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LUSITANIA[1]

IN my last letter I believe that I laid some stress to you upon the necessity, both patriotic and academic, of my trying to preserve a formally strict neutrality of expression, not merely because the community of mankind as a total community is my highest interest, as it is yours, but because our President's advice to the nation, and our manifold relations to foreigners, both in academic life and in the world at large, limit our right, or have limited our right, to express ourselves regarding matters of the war and of current controversy. It is now a relief to be able to say with heartiness, that one result at least

[1] The text of this chapter consists of extracts from a letter written by Professor Royce to Professor L. P. Jacks, and published by the latter in the *Hibbert Journal* for October 1915. With the exception of two passages, the extracts were published in the London *Morning Post* of July 5, 1915.

of the *Lusitania* atrocity has been and will be to make it both necessary and advisable to speak out plainly many things which an American professor in my position has long felt a desire to say upon occasions when he still supposed it to be his duty not to say them. Thus, for instance, immediately after the *Lusitania* incident, and before Wilson's first letter addressed to Berlin, I quite deliberately told my own principal class in metaphysics that, and why, I should no longer endeavor to assume a neutral attitude about the moral questions which the *Lusitania* incident brought to the minds of all of us. That friends of mine, and that former pupils of mine, near to me as the students whom I was addressing are near to me, were on the *Lusitania* — this, as I said to my class, makes it right for me to say, "Among these dead of the *Lusitania* are my own dead." And so, I went on to say, "I cannot longer leave you to suppose it possible that I have any agreement with the views which a German colleague of mine, a teacher at Harvard, recently

maintained, when he predicted what he called 'the spiritual triumph of Germany.' It makes very little difference to anybody else what I happen to think, but to you, as my pupils, it is my duty to say that henceforth, whatever the fortunes of war may be, 'the spiritual triumph of Germany' is quite impossible, so far as this conflict is concerned. I freely admit that Germany may triumph in the visible conflict, although my judgment about such matters is quite worthless. But to my German friends and colleagues, if they chance to want to know what I think, I can and do henceforth only say this: 'You may triumph in the visible world, but at the banquet where you celebrate your triumph there will be present the ghosts of my dead slain on the *Lusitania*.'"

I insisted to my class that just now the especially significant side of this matter is contained simply in the deliberately chosen facts which the enemy of mankind has chosen to bring into being in these newest expressions of the infamies of Prussian warfare. I should

be a poor professor of philosophy, and in particular of moral philosophy, if I left my class in the least doubt as to how to view such things. And that, then, was my immediate reaction on the *Lusitania* situation.

Of course, one still has to live with his German colleagues in the midst of this situation. I am glad to know at least one such German colleague, and, I believe, a thoroughly good patriot — who views the *Lusitania* atrocity precisely as any honest and humane man must view it, unless wholly blinded by the present personal and social atmosphere of ferocity and confusion in which so many Germans live. I do not endeavor to have unnecessary controversy — with these colleagues, or with anybody else, and have spoken of the matter both to colleagues and to students precisely as much and as little as the situation seemed to me to permit and require. But it might interest you to know that, in my opinion, the *Lusitania* incident has affected and will affect our national sentiment — and what has been

our desire for a genuine neutrality — in a very profound and practical way.

Of the political consequences of the incident up to this date, you will have, I hope, a sufficiently definite ground for judgment. Fortune is fickle; and war is a sadly chaotic series of changes. But this I warmly hope: henceforth, may the genuine consciousness of brotherhood between your people and mine become more and more clearly warm, and conscious, and practically effective upon the course of events. The *Lusitania* affair makes us here, all of us, clearer. A deeply unified and national indignation, coupled with a strong sense of our duty towards all humanity, has already resulted from this new experiment upon human nature, which has been "made in Germany" and then applied to the task of testing what American sentiment really is. I do not know how often the changing fortunes of war, or the difficulties about neutral commerce, will bring to light causes of friction or of tension between our two peoples. But I cordially hope that

we shall find ourselves, henceforth, nearer and nearer together in conscious sentiment, and in the sort of sympathy which can find effective expression. It is a great thing to feel that Wilson, in his last two notes to Germany, has been speaking the word both for his nation and for all humanity. I am sure that he has spoken the word for a new sort of unification of our own national consciousness. Unless Germany substantially meets these demands, I am sure that she will find all our foreign populations more united than ever through their common resentment in the presence of international outrages, and through their common consciousness that our unity and active co-operation must have an important bearing upon the future of all that makes human life precious to any of us. In so far as our German-American fellow-citizens fail to appreciate the call of humanity in respect of such matters as this, they have further lessons to learn which America will teach them, — peaceably if we can, but authoritatively if we must,

whenever an effort is made to carry dissensions into our national life for the sake of any German purpose. As a fact, I believe that unless Germany meets the essential demands of President Wilson, our German-American population will be wholly united with us, as never before, in the interests of humanity and of freedom. In brief, the *Lusitania* affair, and its consequences, give one further tiny example of that utter ignorance of human nature and of its workings which the German propaganda, the German diplomacy, and the German policy have shown from the outset of the War. Submarines these people may understand, certainly not souls.

I do not love the words of hate, even now, or even when uttered over the bodies of those who were slain on the *Lusitania*. It is not hate, but longing and sorrow for stricken humanity, which is with me, as I am sure it is with you, the ruling sentiment. I have no fondness for useless publicity. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that the words which I have just written down may not only have

a little friendly interest to you as expressing a certain change in my own attitude towards those problems about neutrality which I mentioned to you before, but may conceivably suggest to you some way in which a more public expression of mine might be of real service to some cause which you, or which other of my English friends, hold dear. The controversial literature of the war is, as you know, and as you yourself have said, a cup which seems to be over full. Yet I now no longer feel that any duty or desire makes me hesitant concerning the expression of whatever plain speech and worthily strong sentiment might be able to contribute to a good cause. You will see from the way in which I spoke to my class, after long dutifully preserving a deliberate reticence in the classroom regarding the war, — you will see that my mouth is now open enough, if only any words that could be of use for the cause of true peace, or against the deeds and the motives of the declared enemies of mankind, could be uttered by me. It is a relief to have

in such matters not only a free soul, but a perfectly free right of speech, so long as one's speech promises to contribute anything, however little, to the cause of mankind which such bitter and cruel enemies are now assailing in the sight of us all.

So do with this letter, or with any part of it, precisely as you think best, — not indeed making it seem as if I were at all fond of notoriety, but merely using the right which I give you as my friend to let anybody know where I stand. I am no longer neutral, even in form. The German Prince is now the declared and proclaimed enemy of mankind, declared to be such not by any "lies" of his enemies, or by any "envious" comments of other people, but by his own quite deliberate choice to carry on war by the merciless destruction of innocent, non-combatant passengers. The single deed is indeed only a comparatively petty event when compared with the stupendous crimes which fill this war. But the sinking of the *Lusitania* has the advantage of being a deed which not only cannot be

denied, but which has been proudly proclaimed as expressing the appeal that Germany now makes to all humanity. About that appeal I am not neutral. I know that that appeal expresses utter contempt for everything which makes the common life of humanity tolerable or possible. I know that if the principle of that appeal is accepted, whatever makes home or country or family or friends, or any form of loyalty, worthily dear, is made an object of a perfectly deliberate and merciless assault. About such policies and their principles, about such appeals, and about the Prince who makes them, and about his underlings who serve him, I have no longer any neutrality to keep. And without the faintest authority in any political matter, without the faintest wish for any sort of notoriety, I am perfectly willing to let this utterance receive any sort of publicity that, in its utter unworthiness to express adequately or effectively the nature of the crimes and of the infamy which it attempts to characterize, it may by chance get,

should you or anybody else wish to make use of it. Of course, I need not tell you that a Harvard professor speaks only for himself, and commits none of his colleagues to anything that chances to be in his mind or on his tongue.

CHAPTER III

THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

THESE words are written at a moment when the issues of the great war are still undecided. They are founded upon no foresight of the course which the world's political and military fortunes are to follow. They therefore refer wholly to ideals, to duties, to hopes, and to the interests of humanity.

There are moments when the lover of mankind, in these days, seems to catch a glimpse of a wonderful dawn light. If this dawn soon gives place to the coming day, an era of inspiring promise for the best hopes of all human ages will begin. If the clouds persistently gather again, as at some moments they do; if the night returns, as, for all that the present writer can know, it may return,—then the world must wait again for centuries, and

must wait in sorrow, for that which the wise and the faithful of many generations have longingly expected.

"More than they that watch for the morning," the true lovers of mankind now watch to see whether the seeming promise of the dawn is to be, in any genuine sense, fulfilled. More than the spoilers of mankind ever before scoffed at the hope of humanity, powerful enemies of the good now confidently look for the triumph of Satan. The outcome of the present struggle between good and ill remains still a mystery.

All that one can hope to do at such a moment, is to try to clarify his ideas about what ought to be — wholly powerless as the lover of the ideal is to determine, through any skilfully devised engines of destruction, or through any efficiency of the general staff of any national army, what shall be. All that one can now utter must be called at best "A Song before Sunrise." We do not know whether the sun for which the genuine lovers of mankind and of the ideal long, will

ever rise in any future which we human beings can foresee for our own race.

Every idealist believes himself to have rational grounds for the faith that somewhere, and in some world, and at some time, the ideal will triumph, so that a survey, a divine synopsis of all time, somehow reveals the lesson of all sorrow, the meaning of all tragedy, the triumph of the spirit. But it is not ours to say, in the world in which we at present have to live from one day to another, and to follow the fortunes of man from one newspaper to another, — when and how the true revelation of the world's meaning is faced and found. We often do our best when we fix our mind on the thought which Kant expressed in the words: "If justice meets utter wreck, then there is no worth whatever in the continued existence of human life in this world." That word, at least, relieves us from the requirement of trying to prove that justice in mortal affairs will escape total wreck.

Perhaps the time will come when, indeed,

there will be no further worth in the continued existence of men on this planet. If the purposes and deeds which some of the powerful enemies of mankind now boastfully attempt to make successful ever become permanently triumphant, then in truth there will be no further worth in the continued existence of human beings. As a matter of fact, this planet has seen its "Age of Reptiles." The sabre-toothed tiger has also had its day. Perhaps the ideals of those who defend and praise the destruction of mothers and of their babes on the "Lusitania" represent the sort of humanity that is henceforth, for an indefinite time, to win possession of the powers which are to control the fortunes of human civilization. About such matters a genuine idealist has no philosophical right, just as he has no scientific right, to make any particular prediction. His business is with the justice whose nature is such that if here on earth it is permanently wrecked, then the life of man becomes utterly worthless. There are to-day boastful powers, as hopeful of their

own success as Milton's fallen angels were when

> . . . Satan exalted sat,
> By merit raised to that bad eminence,

on his throne before them, and made preparations for a sort of submarine campaign against the salvation of man. The lover of ideals has no more right to make predictions about the hopes of these boastful powers, than Milton's good angels would have had to make predictions about the results of Satan's subsequent search for this little earth, and about what his visits to the Garden of Eden would accomplish.

In Milton's tale these visits accomplished the Fall of Man. The good and the bad angels have been struggling for the final possession of man ever since. The struggle continues to-day. And there can be no doubt that the evil powers are prodigiously efficient, and that the servants of ill are devotedly loyal to their diabolical cause. As for humanity, man, like the sabre-toothed tiger, may ere long have had his day and may have ceased

to be. The lover of ideals can make no predictions as to such results. He can only "watch for the morning" until, for him and for some of his human fellows, the darkness has indeed settled down. It remains, however, still worth while to tell what hopes one's "Song before Sunrise" would express if one were permitted not merely to watch and sometimes to hope for the morning, but to tell what the sun would show us if it had already risen for humanity, or will show us whenever for humanity it does rise, if indeed on this planet it ever is to rise.

I

In order rightly to estimate the ideal issues which are at stake in the present crisis of humanity, it is first necessary to make clear a matter concerning which there is a good deal of confusion in recent discussion. Some of this confusion is benevolent and well-meaning; some of it is due to wilful disregard of certain ethical issues which ought to be as obvious as they are deep. The mat-

ter to which I refer can best be brought nearer to clearness by contrasting two views of the world's present moral situation which frequently appear in recent expressions concerning the morals of the war. According to one of these views, the present war is essentially a conflict between nations and between national ideals. The essence of this doctrine is, that just as the conflicting powers are nations, so the main moral concern ought to be expressed in hopes that this or that nation will obtain a deserved success.

Opposed to this view is a second and very different view of the moral situation of the world and of the meaning of the war. According to this view, the present war is a conflict more conscious, more explicit, and for that very reason more dangerous than any we have ever had before, a conflict between the community of mankind and the particular interests of individual nations. Consequently, no nation engaged in this war is, or can be, right in its cause, except in so far as it is explicitly aiming towards the triumph

of the community of mankind. As a fact, the various warring nations are at present acting with a decidedly various degree of clearness about their relation to the unified interests of humanity; that is, to what I call the cause of the community of mankind. Hence the various nations differ in the degree to which, at any stage of the conflict, their cause is just. In certain respects and with regard to certain of their enterprises, they may be, and are, explicitly aware that they intend to serve the community of mankind; while in other respects, or in regard to other matters, they may act with a more or less explicitly deliberate hostility to the cause of the community of mankind. Their moral position may, therefore, vary accordingly. But owing to the vastness and to the definiteness of many of the special international passions and issues concerned in the present conflict, the outcome of the war promises to be either a victory or a defeat, not for any one of the warring nations nearly so much as for humanity in its wholeness,

and hence for what I shall venture also to call the church universal. It is important, therefore, to indicate as clearly as possible what in this discussion I mean by the community of mankind, and what by the church universal.

Ancient Israel somewhat early reached a religious ideal which it expressed in the doctrine of some of its Prophets, that the redeemed and transformed Jerusalem of the future was to be the centre of a redeemed humanity, the spiritual ruler of a kingdom which should have no end. In reaching this ideal, the religion of the Prophets did not look forward merely to a political conquest of the rest of the world by the future people of Israel. The ideal of the transformed humanity of the future had, indeed, in case of the religion of the Prophets, its political metaphors and inevitably its political coloring. The subsequent results when the ideal religion of the Prophets degenerated into the formalities of later Judaism, were in many ways disastrous both for the morals and for

the religion of Judaism. But the ideal city of Zion, the centre of a new heaven and earth, passed over as an ideal into the possession of the early Christian church. The Apostle Paul gave to its inner life the character which he called "charity," and which he expounded to the Corinthians in one of the greatest documents of Christian literature.

The often misunderstood heart and essence of the Pauline vision of charity is that it is a virtue belonging to a community, a community which Paul conceives as finding its future home in a heaven where the Divine Spirit both informs it and fulfils its life and its desire. Charity does not mean mere love of individuals for individuals; since if, according to Paul, I gave all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, I might still be without charity, and then be as a sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal. Charity, for Paul, is not a merely mystical power to prophesy, nor does it consist in any other form of merely individual efficiency or proficiency. It is a virtue which Paul recom-

mends to his Corinthians as to an united community who, in the bonds of the spirit, are one body despite the multitude of the members. Charity never faileth, and outlasts all earthly vicissitudes in its own heavenly world, because there we know even as we are known, and our mutual relations are those of a perfected spiritual community.

Paul viewed the salvation of humanity as consisting in the triumph of the Christian church. This triumph was for him something miraculous, catastrophic, and future; and his expectations regarding the triumph and end of humanity were obviously quite mythical. But this triumph of humanity, this hope of all the faithful, this salvation of a community through an universally significant human transformation, without which no salvation of an individual man would be possible, this idea, in terms of which the Apostle Paul universalized the ideal Jerusalem of the early Prophets, this became the most essential and characteristic idea of the Christian church.

The historical church has never been true to it and has seldom understood it. Most Christians suppose that the salvation of men is an affair involving the distinct, and in many ways the isolated, spiritual fortunes of individual men. Such Christians, however, have not understood what the vision of the New Jerusalem was in which the seer of the Apocalypse gloried. What the tree of life bears for the healing of the nations, such Christians have never rightly comprehended. What the farewell address of the Logos of the Fourth Gospel meant, when the departing Lord prayed to the Father, "That those whom Thou hast given me may be One as We are One," such individualistic Christianity (which has been only too popular in the various Protestant sects) has neglected, if not forgotten. But however ill-comprehended, the "sign" in which and by which Christianity conquered the world was the sign of an ideal community of all the faithful, which was to become the community of all mankind, and which was to become

some day the possessor of all the earth, the exponent of true charity, at once the spirit and the ruler of the humanity of the future.

Such is a bare suggestion of that ideal of the community of mankind which it was the historical mission of Christianity to introduce into the world, to keep alive through centuries of human crimes, oppressions, rebellions, and hatreds, and to hold before the world for the healing of the nations. The present situation of humanity depends upon the fact that for good reasons, which have to do not merely with the sentimental and romantic aspirations of humanity, but also with the most serious business in which men are engaged, the idea of the community of mankind has become more concrete, more closely related to the affairs of daily life, has become more practicable than ever before. At this very moment the material aspect of civilization favors, as never before, the natural conditions upon which the community of mankind, if it were reasonably successful, would depend for its prosperity. The growth

of the natural sciences as well as of the technical industries of mankind also makes possible and comprehensive forms and grades of coöperation which men have never before known. Some motives which tend to render the genuine Pauline charity, the genuine love of the unity of the great community to which all civilized men may, when enlightened, consciously belong, — such motives, I say, have been furthered by the arts, the industries, the sciences, and the social developments of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as thousands of years of previous human activity have never furthered them. The brilliant coloring, the luxuriant images with which the fancy of the seer of the Apocalypse adorned his New Jerusalem, readily suggest themselves to the imagination of the lover of human kind, who dwells on some of the more benign aspects of our recent civilization, and who considers how far-reaching the abundant powers of human life are tending to become under the influence of those humane arts and sciences which of late have so successfully

combated disease, and have brought together nations and races of men who once could not in the least feel their brotherhood, or mutually understand the tongues which they spoke.

These benevolent and benign influences do not, indeed, of themselves constitute the true Pauline charity; but within the last two centuries we have for the first time seen glimpses of how, under perfectly human conditions, they could become a basis for a charity which might transform our society in many of its most significant features into a social order worthy both of a new heaven and of a new earth. In brief, the last two centuries have given us a right to hope for the unity of mankind, a right of which we had only mythical glimpses and mystical visions before. This right we gained through the recent development both of our natural sciences and of our modern humanities. The idea of the human community has tended of late to win a certain clearness which it never could possess until now.

Paul could believe in his vision of the re-

deemed humanity of the future, because he had his own perfectly concrete and human, if to him unsatisfactory, experiences of the apparently miraculous life which was present in his enthusiastic little churches. When he talked of the redeemed humanity in heaven, and had his vision of the charity that never faileth, he could say to his brethren: "Thus the Spirit manifests itself amongst you." When, in an unquestionably more fantastic manner and language, the author of the Fourth Gospel made the speaker of the farewell addresses characterize the present life and the future life of his little company of disciples, whom "having loved them, he loved them to the end," the writer of this Gospel could use his concrete, although historically idealized, portrait of the last meeting between the Lord and his disciples as the basis and background of this vision of the salvation of mankind.

In our day this vision of the salvation of mankind, while indeed far enough away from us to cause constant and grave concern,

and to demand endless labor, has been for a long time becoming clearer than ever, while both science and industry have tended to bring men together in new fashions of coöperation, in new opportunities and exercises that involve an expressed charity in its true form, as a devotion not merely to individuals but to the united life of the community. The belief that mankind can be and in the end shall be one, has thus for a long time had an increased concreteness, definiteness, practical applicability, and despite all the vast evils of our modern social order, a genuine hopefulness. What has to be borne in mind is, that in former centuries, and above all in ancient times, the community of mankind was hindered from becoming an object either of experience or of reasonable hope by the confusions of men's tongues, by the mutual hostilities of nations, of religions, and of sects, and by the absence of means whereby men might learn to work together. Since the beginning of the modern world, not only have the sciences and the arts helped us to

work together in a material way and to understand one another regarding our various ideas, but very many of our modern intellectual and practical modes of progress have possessed a significance not only material, but deeply spiritual and, what is more to the point in our present discussion, wisely international. The modern world has become in many ways more and more an international world. And this, I insist, has been true not merely as to its technical and material ties, but as to its spiritual union.

It has been this vision upon which a recent international crime has so violently intruded. The hope of the community lies in trying to keep before us a vision of what the community of mankind may yet become despite this tragic calamity.

II

In speaking at such a moment of the community of mankind viewed simply as an ideal of the future, there are two matters which, as I believe, we ought to bear in mind. First, its members will not be merely individual

human beings, nor yet mere collections or masses of human beings, however vast, but communities of some sort, communities such as, at any stage of civilization in which the great community is to be raised to some higher level of organization, already exist. Ethical individualism has been, in the past, one great foe of the great community. Ethical individualism, whether it takes the form of democracy or of the irresponsible search on the part of individuals for private happiness or for any other merely individual good, will never save mankind. Equally useless, however, for the attainment of humanity's great end would be any form of mere ethical collectivism, that is, any view which regarded the good of mankind as something which masses or crowds or disorganized collections of men should win.

For this reason Bentham's utilitarianism, in the form which he gave to it, and which the English political Liberals of the middle of the nineteenth century emphasized, does not express what the community of mankind

needs for its existence and for its general welfare. That is why mere philanthropy, merely seeking for the greatest happiness for the greatest number, merely endeavoring to alleviate the pains of individual men or of collections of men, will never bring about the end for which mankind has always been seeking, and for the sake of which our individual life is worth living. That, too, is the reason why at the present time many humane people, despite their former horror of war, in view of its sorrows and of the misery which it causes, find to their surprise that, as Mr. Robert Herrick has said in a recent number of "The New Republic," war seems to them now no longer as great an evil as it used to seem; for in each of the warring peoples the war has brought about a new consciousness of unity, a new willingness to surrender private good to the welfare of the community, a new sense of the sacredness of duty, a new readiness to sacrifice.

Such converts to the doctrine that war is good ascribe their sudden conversion to the

wonder and reverence which have been aroused in them by the sight of France regenerated through the very dangers which the invader has brought with him, awakened to a new sense that the value of life lies not in what individuals get out of it, but in what the exertions and the perils of war call out and illustrate, namely, the supreme and super-individual value of loyalty. Loyalty, the devotion of the self to the interests of the community, is indeed the form which the highest life of humanity must take, whether in a political unity, such as in a nation, or in the church universal, such as Paul foresaw. Without loyalty, there is no salvation. Therefore loyalty can never completely express itself in the search for individual happiness, whether the happiness that is in question be that of the individual who teaches, or that of the mere collections of masses of individuals for whom some philanthropist seeks happiness.

Therefore it is indeed true that, if the only alternative for mankind were either to con-

tinue the arts of war or to lose its vision of high attainment in the form of a mere search for happiness, then it would be better that war should rage, with all its horrors, so long as humanity lasts, rather than that what Emerson called "hearts in sloth and ease" should live in an endlessly dissatisfied search for pleasures which deceive and which fade in the enjoyment, and for a happiness which no human individual can possibly attain, unless indeed he is viewed as a member of the community.

The detached individual is an essentially lost being. That ethical truth lies at the basis of the Pauline doctrine of original sin. It lies also at the basis of the pessimism with which the ancient southern Buddhism of the original founder of that faith, Gotama Buddha, viewed the life of man. The essence of the life of the detached individual is, as Gotama Buddha said, an unquenchable desire for bliss, a desire which "hastens to enjoyment, and in enjoyment pines to feel desire." Train such a detached individual by some form

of highly civilized cultivation, and you merely show him what Paul called "the law." The law thus shown he hereupon finds to be in opposition to his self-will. Sin, as the Pauline phrase has it, "revives."

The individual, brought by his very cultivation to a clearer consciousness of the conflict between his self-will and the social laws which tradition inflicts upon him, finds a war going on in his own members. His life hereupon becomes only a sort of destruction of what is dearest to him. For as a social being, he has to recognize both the might of his social order and the dignity of its demands. But as a detached individual, he naturally hates restraint; that is, as Paul says, he hates the law. However correct his outward conduct may be, he inwardly says: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Such is the picture of the essentially disastrous life of the detached individual which you find in the much misunderstood, and in our day comparatively unpopular seventh

chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. In the following chapter, Paul characterizes the only mode of salvation which can be offered with any hope to such a detached individual. Gotama Buddha sought the salvation of the detached individual through an act of resignation whereby all desires are finally abandoned. Paul describes what is essentially salvation through loyalty, salvation through the willing service of a community, the salvation of those whom he characterizes by the words: "They are in Christ Jesus, and walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." But for Paul the being whom he called Christ Jesus was in essence the spirit of the universal community.

The lesson with regard to which both Buddhism and Christianity agree, is the lesson that for the detached individual there is no salvation. Since, therefore, you can never make the detached individual securely and steadily happy, it is useless to try to save him, or any mere crowd or collection of detached individuals, by mere philanthropy. Since

the detached individual is essentially a lost being, you cannot save masses of lost individuals through the triumph of mere democracy. Masses of lost individuals do not become genuine freemen merely because they all have votes. The suffrage can show the way of salvation only to those who are already loyal, who already, according to their lights, live in the spirit, and are directed not by a mere disposition to give good things to everybody, or to give all their goods to feed the poor, or to give their body to be burned, but by a genuinely Pauline charity.

Since, then, it is only the consciously united community — that which is in essence a Pauline church — which can offer salvation to distracted humanity and can calm the otherwise insatiable greed and longing of the natural individual man, the salvation of the world will be found, if at all, through uniting the already existing communities of mankind into higher communities, and not through merely freeing the peoples from their oppressors, or through giving them a more popular

government, unless popular government always takes the form of government by the united community, through the united community, and for the united community.

Therefore, while the great community of the future will unquestionably be international by virtue of the ties which will bind its various nationalities together, it will find no place for that sort of internationalism which despises the individual variety of nations, and which tries to substitute for the vices of those who at present seek merely to conquer mankind, the equally worthless desire of those who hope to see us in future as "men without a country." Whatever that form of loyalty which is now patriotism expresses, must be in spirit preserved by the great community of the future. That unity within the national growth which the observers of the war watch with such fascination, when they see how each people is better knit and more serious, more conscious of the sacredness of its national life than it was before the great peril, that unity will not, and must not,

be lost when the new international life comes into existence. There can be no true international life unless the nations remain to possess it. There can never be a spiritual body unless that body, like the ideal Pauline church, has its many members. The citizens of the world of the future will not lose their distinct countries. What will pass away will be that insistent mutual hostility which gives to the nations of to-day, even in times of peace, so many of the hateful and distracting characters of a detached individual man. In case of human individuals, the sort of individualism which is opposed to the spirit of loyalty, is what I have already called the individualism of the detached individual, the individualism of the man who belongs to no community which he loves and to which he can devote himself with all his heart, and his soul, and his mind, and his strength. In so far as liberty and democracy, and independence of soul, mean that sort of individualism, they never have saved men and never can save men. For mere detachment, mere self-

will, can never be satisfied with itself, can never win its goal. What saves us on any level of human social life is union. And when Webster said, in his familiar reply to Hayne, that what alone could save this country must be described as "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"—Webster expressed in fine phrase, and with special reference to this country, the true doctrine of the church universal.

Liberty alone never saves us. Democracy alone never saves us. Our political freedom is but vanity unless it is a means through which we come to realize and practise charity, in the Pauline sense of that word. Hence the community of mankind will be international in the sense that it will ignore no rational and genuinely self-conscious nation. It will find the way to respect the liberty of the individual nations without destroying their genuine spiritual freedom. Its liberty and union, when attained, will be "now and forever, one and inseparable."

III

I have now mentioned one character which, as I believe, must belong to the international community of the future. Hereupon I must turn to a second character, which seems to me of equal importance with the first, although reformers and the creators of Utopias have almost uniformly neglected, or misunderstood this second character.

The distinct national unities must remain intact, each with its own internal motives for loyalty and with its modes of expression whereby the loyalty of its individual citizens will be won and sustained in the community of mankind, which the ideal future must contain if humanity is to be really saved. In the far-off future, as in the past, humanity will include amongst its number nations whose citizens belong not merely to various national types but to distinct races. No dream of universal conquest, if it were carried out, could ever lead to anything but to a more or less universal community of hate,

to a social world essentially distracted, much as the world of the Gentiles, depicted by Paul at the outset of the Epistle to the Romans, was distracted. In and for such a community, no man, still less a nation, could deeply feel or long retain any genuine loyalty. Neither the pan-Germanists nor the pan-Slavists, neither the partisans of the white race nor those who hope for the supremacy of the yellow race, have any true conception of what the community of mankind is intended to be or of what the spirit of loyalty demands that it shall be. Both the nations and the races are needed for the future of mankind. The problem of humanity is to see that their liberty and their union shall remain "forever one and inseparable."

But what the lovers of national rivalries, who look forward to an endless strife of peoples, as well as the makers of the Utopias of universal peace, have equally failed to see is that amongst the many social functions of a nation or, for that matter, of any human community, the political functions of such

a community, at any rate, as they have been conceived and carried out up to the present time, are ethically amongst the least important.

Greece never attained political unity. Today it rules the world, as Germany will never rule it, though its inventions and its efficiency should continue and grow for a thousand years. Greece rules a spiritual world, and rules it spiritually. No modern nation that has won political power has ever expressed its best contribution to humanity through this political power, or has ever made a contribution to the community of mankind which is nearly equal to the contribution made by Greece, and made by a nation which proved wholly incapable of political unity. The greatest rival which Greece has ever possessed as a contributor to the cause of the community of mankind is the nation Israel — by which I mean, not the Israel whose history was rewritten from the point of view of later Judaism and was so misrepresented in what we call the Old Testament. The Israel of which

I speak is the Irsael of the great formative period of the prophetic religion, the Israel whose religious beginnings are sketched for us in that brief and impressive fragment of poetry called the Song of Deborah — the Israel whose maturer consciousness found its voice in Amos and Isaiah, and in the records of the prophetic literature. Even after its formative period was past, and after Judaism had nearly quenched the spiritual fire which had burned in the religion of the Prophets, Israel still gave us the Psalms, still expressed, in the great speeches which an unknown master put into the mouth of Job, ideas and problems which are with us to-day, and which will record some of the great problems of human destiny for all coming ages of mankind, just as the great Greek tragedians of the formative period of the Hellenic mind have spoken for all time. But Israel, like Greece, never won, and from the nature of the case could not win, a lasting political unity.

When we remember how all the highest products of the German mind have so far

been the products of times when the national unity in a political sense was not yet attained, while the mightiest accomplishment of Prussian domination has thus far been that, like the base Indian of Othello's last words, this Prussian domination, in dealing with the magnificent ideal legacy of the Germanic mind, has simply "thrown a pearl away, richer than all his tribe"; and when we remember how an analogous rule holds in case of several other European nations, we are reminded that, on the whole, there seems to be some opposition between the political power of a nation and its power to contribute to the ideal goods of the community of mankind.

The political contributions of nations either to the unity or to the life of the great community are by no means their only or, on the whole, their principal contributions. For that very reason it is not wise to hope that when the Holy City of the community of mankind descends from heaven to earth, it will come in political form. According to a well-known

tradition, the Master said: "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." I do not think that this reported word of the Master represents what the ideal course of human progress ought to be. The ideal community of mankind, whenever it really descends from heaven to earth, will indeed appear in a definitely worldly fashion. If the ideal is approximately realized, the kingdom will be in this world, yet its servants will not fight, simply because they will be loyally engrossed in much better business than fighting. That upon which I here insist is, that in learning such business they will not principally be guided by political arts and motives.

IV

But if the great community is not to win its loyal consciousness through inventing new political forms and through depending upon political institutions for its principal advances, must it then be confined to "the empire of the air"? Must it always be dependent upon its poets and its prophets?

or upon their brethren, the great scientific discoverers, the genuinely inventive leaders of thought? Must its kingdom be a wholly ideal kingdom? Must its fortunes be those which, in a somewhat disheartening sequence of faiths and of practices, have so far constituted the history of religion?

I do not believe this. I believe that the future will invent, and will in due time begin very actively and productively to practise, forms of international activity which will be at once ideal in their significance and business-like in their methods, so that we shall no longer be dependent upon the extremely rare and precious beings called prophets or poets, to show us the way towards the united life of the great community. I have recently ventured to point out certain ways in which international business is already approaching a stage wherein, if the spoilers do not indeed too seriously wreck or too deeply impair our progress, we may actively begin to further international unity, without in the least interfering with the free internal

development of the social orders of individual nations. It is not at all necessary to look towards the triumph of Socialism or of any other equally revolutionary social tendency, whether political or non-political, in order to foresee possible modes of international unification, which, if they were once tried, if a fair beginning of some such international activity were made, would almost certainly prove to be self-sustaining as well as conducive to a mutual understanding amongst the nations.

There is, for instance, a type of business which has been invented only within a little more than a century. In origin it is due to no poet and to no prophet. It has already transformed the civilization of the principal nations of Europe. The transformation in question is nowhere, except by accident, very closely bound up with political changes. The social transformations which it has already wrought within the communities of single nations, are not due to the spread of socialistic doctrines or to any notable political

tensions or strifes within the communities which have thus been influenced.

The form of business which I have in mind is the form known as insurance. Within the life of a single civilized people, it is capable of accomplishing an immense variety of types of social service. The internal organization of Germany itself has been prodigiously furthered, the social unity and the impressive efficiency of the German people have been in recent decades very vastly furthered by the use which Bismarck and those who followed him were led to make of various forms of "state insurance" and of "social insurance," largely as means of meeting the demands which the socialistic movement was already making upon the state in general. What has been proved is that the type of business called insurance is so plastic and has such vast direct as well as indirect effects, that, within a single nation, if the purpose is to give a community such unity and such organization as naturally hold the attention and win the practical loyalty of the members of the

community, the insurance type of organization is the best type invented for the purpose in question. This is no place to speak of the details of recent social insurance which Germany has so largely and so successfully used. It is enough to say that the business of insurance depends upon devices which are, so to speak, essentially unifying, essentially reconciling, essentially such as to exemplify a type of social community to which in a recent book of my own I have ventured to give a name, not, as I hope, too technical.

An insuring financial organization, whether it be an ordinary corporation or, as in Germany's case, a state or a government, has what I may call a mediating, a reconciling, a unifying function. If you regard the insurer as an individual man — and such in special cases he may be, — he mediates between the interests of two persons whose concerns, apart from the work of the insurer, are subject to an often painful conflict. These two persons may be called "the adventurer" and "the beneficiary." The adventurer is

somebody who takes a risk, a practically significant risk. Like all risks, this one does not affect the fortunes of the adventurer alone. For the adventurer has, or at some time in the future will have, heirs or successors, or a family or other co-adventurers, who may, or who under certain conditions will benefit by the adventurer's undertakings if they succeed, but who will otherwise get quite the reverse of benefit out of the adventurer's failure. Thus the interests of the adventurer and of his possible beneficiaries, who may or will win if he wins, or who may or will lose if he loses, stand in a relation involving a certain rivalry, a tension, a source of possible conflict of the most varied kind. In other words, the adventurer and the possible beneficiary constitute what, in my "War and Insurance," I have called "a dangerous pair" of human beings. That is, their conflicting interests may lead to misunderstandings, to mutual wrongs, and to personal and social unrest of the most varied sorts.

Into this "dangerous pair" the insurer,

in case his insurance enterprise is well founded and successful, introduces a reconciling element. It is the nature of his business to guarantee the beneficiary against the losses with which in the course of his fortunes the adventurer may meet. In consequence the dangerous pair becomes a genuine community, whose type is triadic and whose form is that of all the communities which I call "communities of interpretation." These are groups whose members comprise within themselves either individuals or communities. But in each of these communities, one of the members has the essentially spiritual function or task of representing or interpreting the plans, or purposes, or ideas, of one of his two fellows to the other of these two in such wise that the member of the community whom I call the "interpreter" works to the end that these three shall coöperate as if they were one, shall be so linked that they shall become members one of another, and that the community of the whole shall prosper and be preserved.

In "War and Insurance" I have defended the thesis that, if the principle of insurance were introduced into international affairs, even in a very small degree, it would involve, first the creation of an entirely new sort of international body — namely, an "international board of trustees." The functions of this board would not be those of a court of arbitration. They would not be diplomatic functions. The board would have no political powers or duties whatever. Hence its functions would constitute an entire novelty in human history. How such a board would be possible, how its funds might be protected from predatory assaults and kept free from the danger of being risked in international quarrels, my book has in a general way explained.

Since any reader of this book who may have time in the distractions of the present conflict to give it even the least careful attention, very naturally asks at once what common interests of the nations there are to insure, it is possibly worth while to say that in an

article in *The New York Times* for July 25, 1915, I have pointed out certain international interests which, in fact, are greatly intensified by some of the conditions of the present conflict, and which are so definitely related to existing forms of the insurance business, that were a few nations at the close of the present war to appoint an international board of trustees to take practical charge of just these perfectly definable interests, and to treat them so as to meet the conditions which the nations concerned could readily agree upon without departing from fields of insurance that already exist and that have already acquired international importance, then a beginning in international insurance could actually be made at once upon the conclusion of the present war.

Were such an international board of trustees once appointed, were some such essentially simple and familiar type of insurance enterprise once undertaken, under perfectly reasonable and business-like conditions, a beginning would be made in a process that

would, from the very first, tend to make the unity of the various nations of mankind something practical and obvious, as well as certain to possess, as time went on, more and more significance for all concerned in such a process. For, as a fact, there are certain forms of insurance which, as I have just said, are already international in their scope. At the close of the present war, some of these forms of insurance will be in need of new international devices to render them useful and prosperous under the new financial conditions that will inevitably succeed the conflict.

Nobody has as yet attempted to devise an international board of trustees fitted to take charge of such international social interests. But in the article to which I have referred, I have endeavored not merely to show how the still very distant ideal of an international insurance against risks directly connected with war would be valuable if we could secure such a form of international insurance, but also to show that a special type of international insurance would be perfectly prac-

ticable and business-like at the close of the present war, if a few nations were to agree upon a plan for appointing an international board of trustees and for intrusting to it the new enterprise. This new enterprise would involve no essentially new type of insurance. It would be based upon international needs which are already recognized, which have already created certain very successful corporations, which actually do an international business. To make these already existing types of insurance international in my present sense, only the explicit recognition of a suitable international organ is necessary.

This new international organ would not be political in its nature, would not attempt to do the work of "a league of peace," while of course it would have no sort of opposition to the formation of any league of peace which proves in the future to be practicable. The new type of international organ would be founded upon no international treaty such as would need or invite arbitration. The

nations that entered into the new enterprise would merely intrust certain funds to the new international board of trustees, and would remain perfectly free to retire from all relations to the enterprise at any moment, by the device which any ordinary holder of an insurance policy can use at present, namely, by surrendering the policy to the board of trustees.

The effects of the new enterprise would be in the main indirect. That is, the new enterprise would meet an actual need, and if it were reasonably devised, would meet that need at once, and would in so far do good. But if successful, it would lead to new enterprises of the type. The principle of insurance would, however, be definitely introduced into international affairs. Once introduced, and once made in the least effective, that principle might, I believe, safely be left to vindicate itself and its power to bring to consciousness the great community of the future. The realm of peace may, indeed, be far enough away from our distracted human nature.

But the way towards peace, the way towards the winning of self-consciousness for the great community, the way towards a genuine and practically effective coöperation of the nations, at once in the spirit of sound and business-like devotion, and in its primitive true Pauline charity, — that way already lies open.

CHAPTER IV

THE POSSIBILITY OF INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE

NEAR the beginning of the present war I wrote a little book entitled "War and Insurance," in which I stated and defended the thesis that the cause of the world's peace would be aided if in future the principle of insurance were gradually and progressively introduced into international business.

Insurance has already proved to be, in the modern life of individual nations, a cause of no little growth in social organization, in human solidarity, in reasonableness, and in peace. The best workings of the insurance principle have been, on the whole, its indirect workings. It has not only taught men, in manifold ways, both the best means and the wisdom of "bearing one another's burdens"; but it has also

established many indirect, and for that very reason all the more potent, types of social linkage, which the individual policy-holder or underwriter very seldom clearly and consciously estimates at their true value.

These indirect and less frequently noticed types of linkage have already transformed our civilization, so that ours is already an age and a civilization of insurance. Thus the greatest service of insurance has been done, so to speak, beneath the surface of our social life; and the most significant changes of our modern world through the indirect influence of insurance have grown up as if in the dark, becoming manifest only after they have been long developing their effectiveness. This fact furnishes a reason for looking forward most hopefully to great and good indirect results when once insurance assumes a definite international form.

Thus, for instance, one of the most significant indirect results of the development of fire insurance in the social life of our own nation has been the fact that fire insurance

has made possible, and has systematized, a method of business whereby great numbers of people who would otherwise have no way of acquiring homes of their own, are now able, through thrift and patience, to become in time the owners of dwelling houses.

The method of business in question consists simply in this, that the home-seeker at the outset induces some one to advance the money whereby the house can be built, while the man for whom the new house is built makes the one who has advanced this money not only his mortgagee, but also the holder of an insurance policy whereby the advance made on the new house is rendered secure. Without fire insurance this security, in great numbers of cases, could not be furnished.

In analogous ways, fidelity insurance, working in more or less indirect fashion, enables countless young men to begin life in positions of trust, and thus to find their places as people worthy of confidence in a world where they might otherwise be doomed to live only as temporary employes.

Life insurance may be used by the otherwise needy man to capitalize his own future, and thus to win his way through a period of struggle. And in all such cases social linkages are formed which depend upon the use of insurance and which tend to bind men in far-reaching unions such as without insurance would be impossible. Such social linkages are peace breeding, and are profoundly civilizing.

It is therefore not merely the "mutual" aspect of insurance wherein its most beneficent influence is manifested. Its greatest social power depends upon the fact that a man does not in general purchase an insurance policy merely for the transient creature of to-day called "himself." A man purchases insurance for his "beneficiary." His beneficiaries may include people or corporations of whose very existence he, the individual, is little aware. But his linkages with such beneficiaries may join him to the whole social order.

It is because the men of to-day are thus

united through insurance in groups of greater complexity, stability, and value than any other sort of business or institution makes possible that we owe as much as we do to the indirect influences which the relations of insurers, adventurers, and beneficiaries make possible and effective.

Were any group of nations to begin in a businesslike and practicable way to do what the individual fellow members of a social order have now the means of doing, namely to insure against risks of some insurable sort, we should have a good reason to expect that analogous and beneficent indirect workings would ere long follow from even a modest beginning in the art of international insurance.

The vast and unexpected transformations which, as the experience of the nineteenth century showed, insurance has introduced into the social order of individual peoples are of a type so much needed in the mutual relations of various nations that no opportunity should be neglected to make such a beginning in this new art of international insurance.

And since the present war seemed to me, and still seems, to furnish a great, although so tragic an opportunity to make such a beginning, I could not forego the chance which the moment offered to indicate, as I tried to do in my book, the general nature of this opportunity as I then saw it. First sketches of novel plans are very generally crude. The details of my own first statement of a mode of beginning international insurance were, as I myself said, wholly tentative, and were meant to be subject to a thorough revision. For such revision there has still been no sufficient time. But I already see aspects of the subject which need, as I believe, some recognition.

And I still believe that if insurance "of the nations, for the nations, and by the nations" once appeared in a practicable form, it would thenceforward not "vanish from the earth," but would tend, more than any international influence has yet tended, to "make the community of mankind visible," and so to further, gradually, perhaps slowly, but powerfully, the cause of peace.

Among the critics of my book there are, (despite all the objections to my plan which have been urged, and despite all the difficulties that lie in the way of introducing into international relations the principle of insurance,) some friendly counselors, who have said: "If we could but see, or devise, some definite procedure whereby a beginning could be made in the insurance of any risks that are common to several nations, then, were this procedure such as, if proposed and undertaken, would involve a feasible and practicable business of international insurance, however modest this beginning, we should be even now quite willing to look with favor upon the discussion of the enterprise."

In fact, for such critics, it is precisely the way of beginning international insurance, on however limited a scale, that they most want to have explained. It is for such readers and critics of my plan that the present article is written.

Since the present war began, I have met with a good many expressions which have

come from authoritative sources, and which have related to the ways in which so destructive and widespread a conflict, especially if it continues long, is likely to affect the future conduct of the various forms of insurance which already exist. Said, in effect, in a letter to me, a man prominent in his own part of the insurance world: "By its very nature war tends to impair, and in the long run to destroy, all sorts of interests which, apart from war, have constituted or have determined insurable risks."

Such comments seem to be obvious enough. They are just now, as I believe, frequent. But they so far leave unanswered the question: "What shall be done, or can be done, to protect, after the close of this war, those vast common interests which the insurance organizations now have in charge, but which wars, and, above all, great wars, tend plainly and dangerously to assail?" It is precisely this question to which my present discussion offers at least a partial answer.

The experts in each special branch of in-

surance must discover for themselves and must define in their own way the relations which war in general, and this war in particular, may be expected to have to the interests which they represent. But there is one type of problems, common to a number of distinct forms of insurance, to which I may next direct attention.

The problems to which I refer are those presented by the sort of insurance business which is called reinsurance. These problems are certain to be very considerably affected by the results of the present war. Some of them are already much affected. This, as I learn, upon inquiry from experts, is especially the case in some regions of the fire insurance field. But problems of reinsurance also play their part in life insurance and in marine insurance.

And at or after the close of the present war, large alterations and readjustments will be needed to adapt the future conduct of reinsurance to the new conditions that will result from the vast and widespread destruction

which the war has already produced, and will continue to produce until it ends, and perhaps long after it has ended.

Without trespassing upon the special field of any expert in insurance, it seems reasonable for a layman to venture a mere hint regarding some of the ways in which this effect of the war upon the future conduct of reinsurance may be expected to show itself.

At any time, whether in peace or in war, an underwriter who has already undertaken to carry a given risk, and who regards this risk as altered in its probable value by events that have happened since he made his contract, may, like anyone else who has to face a problem which involves his own risks and fortunes, seek to make a new contract with a second insurer, who, for a consideration, based upon a new estimate of the risk as it appears in the light of the new facts, shall undertake to carry and to fulfil an agreed portion of the obligations which the first underwriter insured.

Such reinsurance may take place in ex-

ceptional ways, and may be confined to some one case or to some few individual cases. Reinsurance contracts of this sort are comparatively familiar in marine insurance, and often come to be mentioned in the newspapers of the day when some vessel is long overdue, and when those underwriters who first insured her now go into the market to reinsure their risks. Such reinsurance contracts, when thus confined to individual cases and made subject to no general prior agreements among the various underwriters concerned, may more or less closely approach the character of mere wagers.

Reinsurance contracts possess, however, the character and the social and financial value of typical insurance transactions when they are made systematically, not merely because an underwriter desires not to carry longer a risk previously assumed, but in accordance with general agreements whereby various underwriters combine to carry in union some class that includes several, sometimes many, different insurance undertakings.

This is the case if underwriters A and B agree in advance that A may at pleasure, or subject to certain rules, reinsure with B such and such of the risks that A undertakes to carry; or, again, if A and B agree that of some class of risks which A assumes B shall be bound in advance to carry, for a suitable consideration, such and such a proportion. There are companies — some of them especially prominent in the fire-insurance field — which devote themselves mainly to various types of reinsurance.

It will be noticed, on the basis of such facts, that reinsurance has already become, in a perfectly natural way, and quite apart from any philosopher's speculations, a business which has a wide international extent and importance; although, as yet, no group of nations has taken part in the conduct of reinsurance.

But as soon as we give a little attention to this side of our problem, we stand face to face with the fact that a perfectly definite form of genuinely international insurance

has already come, through the course of evolution, very near, not only to general practicability, but to actual existence. The nations therefore already have at hand an opportunity whose preciousness, as I believe, can hardly be overrated. Let us briefly consider what this opportunity is and implies.

That the State may, under certain conditions, undertake to insure its subjects or some class of its subjects, against various sorts of risks, is already a principle well recognized; although, of course, the expediency of state insurance in this or in that special form is a topic that involves many matters of controversy. Most of the forms of modern social insurance involve a greater or less approach to using the State as an insurer of its own subjects. At the beginning of this war our national Government undertook to carry for our shippers some of the special risks to which the war has subjected our commerce. To speak of state insurance, then, is not to mention a wholly strange idea.

If, however, there exist, as has been for

years the case, forms and plans of reinsurance which involve interests that are already international in their scope and extent, and in the variety of the problems and interests concerned; and if, at the conclusion of the present war, the whole business of reinsurance, in adjusting itself to the needs and demands of the future, will have to solve problems that will deeply concern the underwriters of many nations; why should not these international problems of the future of reinsurance, involving, as they necessarily will do, the future conduct and agreements of insurance corporations belonging to many peoples, be put at once under the care of a suitable international organ?

That is, why should not we make, and promptly make, a beginning at the international conduct of the business of reinsurance? I refer especially to so much of this business of reinsurance as will in fact, at the end of the present war, demand, of and for the underwriters of different nations, readjustments, new contracts, new agree-

ments among existing corporations belonging to various peoples; while these new problems and contracts will be too complex and too difficult to be readily and adequately and advantageously met by individual agreements among the many widely distributed private corporations that have to deal with the now rapidly changing situation of the whole insurance world, and that will have to deal with this situation in the future.

What sort of international organ would be suited to deal with these problems of reinsurance? The answer is furnished, I believe, by the International Board of Trustees, which in my book I have defined and proposed as the general organ for conducting this sort of insurance.

The choice and formation of this Board of Trustees would involve no new and strife-breeding treaties among the various nations. The board, when once constituted, would have no political powers or functions whatever. Its conduct of the trust funds committed to its care would need no super-

vision from any arbitration tribunal. No diplomatists would have any voice in its doings. Its funds themselves could be protected, and the longer it existed the more varied and effective this perfectly peaceful self-protection would become, if the board were at the outset constituted as, with reasonable probability, it could be constituted.

Its business would consist, in general, in selling various sorts of policies to the nations which, for any reason, chose to have dealings with the International Insurance Trustees. Nations that made trust agreements with the board could withdraw from them at pleasure, in a perfectly peaceful way, by the expedient of surrendering, upon terms determined by previous agreements, the policies that they had come to possess. The Board of Trustees would have a strong interest in so planning its policies and in so administering its international business as to retain and increase its reputation as an insurance corporation deserving of patronage, and able to offer policies which the insuring

nations would find advantageous to themselves.

In my book I have in general defined the nature, constitution, and possible functions of this International Board of Insurance Trustees. My critics have doubted whether I could name a set of insurable risks, common to various nations, and sufficiently attractive to induce a group of nations to do a practicable business with the board when once it had been formed.

My present article points out that, from the end of the present war, there will be a constant increase and variety of reinsurance plans and contracts needed by the private insurance companies of various nations. If the conduct of this new reinsurance business is not put under the care of an International Board of Trustees, the business, of course, will in one way or another come in time to be done.

But, apart from international co-operation, directed to this end, such business will depend upon special agreements made

amongst individual corporations belonging to different nations, and will be subject to complications and to competitive hindrances such as must rapidly increase under the new conditions. New and large investments of private capital will be called for, and, for some time, will be harder to obtain, to organize, and to adjust to current requirements than was the case in the conduct of these larger undertakings of the insurance world before the war.

At this point, if only these new problems of reinsurance receive the attention due to the international scope, and to the vast importance of the commercial interests involved, it becomes possible to bring into existence a corporation whose functions, at the very beginning of its life, would be those of a "treaty company" undertaking reinsurance.

Its first contracts might be made, on the one hand, with those already existing private corporations which in any nation desired to reinsure some of their existing or future risks, or which needed to find a systematic

way of readjusting their business to the new conditions.

On the other hand, the contracts of this new treaty company from the very outset might in part be made with those nations which, for the sake of aiding their own underwriters in dealing with the manifold and complex problems of the new era, decided to undertake, in whatever way they found suited to the new conditions, the reinsurance of risks which their own insurance corporations had already undertaken to carry, or which these insurance corporations desired in future to undertake and to reinsure.

Such a business, or part thereof, may actually come to constitute the task of some new private corporation which will be formed in the near future, after the present war. There will no doubt be new "treaty companies." Some of them will do an international business. They will be needed. They will also need large new investments of capital in order to carry on their reinsurance business.

What I propose is that this possible new reinsurance corporation should actually begin its life as the international board of insurance trustees which, in my book, I have in outline described, and have proposed. At the outset, although not for any very long period, I propose that the functions of the Board of Trustees be provisionally limited to this perfectly practicable activity of reinsurance.

The reasons why such a reinsurance board of trustees would have ample reinsurance business with which to begin its task have now been indicated. The motives which would at first tend to make such international reinsurance attractive to the individual nations have also been sketched.

The individual nation would at first be induced to take out policies with the international board by the desire, or by the actual need, of aiding its own underwriters to adjust their business to the complications of the new life after this war, or at any rate in some near future time. The board itself would

be an entirely new sort of international organ. It would have as its most important task that of finding and of making practicable still other forms of international insurance. Its indirect influence would from the very beginning far outrank in importance its direct accomplishment. Its mode of development would be guided by experience.

At no point in the growth of its work would any fundamental transformation of human nature be needed as a condition prior to its possessing a genuine, a peace-making, and a potent influence. Once having been constituted, with international reinsurance for its first enterprise, it would gradually discover new enterprises, and would increase both its direct workings and its indirect furthering of the cause of humanity by each of its new enterprises.

It would stand in opposition to none of the other peace-making influences which may come to take part in international affairs. It might well tend, in the long run, to transform international relations as, in our recent

history, insurance has transformed the social life of individual nations. I submit that the time is ripe for the beginning, in this form, of international insurance; and that the prospect is impressive.

After forming this general plan I submitted it to my colleagues, Mr. W. B. Medlicott and Mr. H. B. Dow, Lecturers on Fire and Life Insurance respectively in the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard. I have to thank both of them for valuable suggestions with regard to reinsurance, and for encouragement regarding the general ideas involved. Mr. Medlicott, in particular, is my authority for laying stress upon the international importance which reinsurance has already acquired in his own field, and for the high organization which the business in question already possesses. While I thank my colleagues for their guidance as to special facts, and for their general approval of the spirit of my idea, I alone am responsible for the principal proposals contained in this paper.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA. MAY 7TH, 1916.

ONE of the simplest and most familiar expressions of the innermost spirit of the cult of the dead is contained in the great word: "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Upon this word faith has spoken, and still speaks its long and deep message; but science here joins with faith, passionate sorrow with the calmest of wise thoughtfulness, memory with imagination, reason with fantasy, to keep the meaning of this great word constantly new in our minds. Science depends upon the memory of what human experience, accumulating from age to age, has taught mankind. Man's civilization is the heir that has inherited the treasures and the wisdom which our fathers toiled to win. The works of our beloved dead do indeed follow them, because

our memory and our piety will not let go our hold upon what is best and dearest in the past; and for this reason each commemoration of those whom we reverence is a momentous deed in our present lives. When we thus commemorate we are not idle. We do not thus let go our hold upon the life that is, or lose the present in a mere dream about what is lost and gone. No — commemoration is itself creation. A wise communion with the dead renews our own life, and restores to us their very presence in a form that may be deeper, truer, and more potent than the literal human companionships of the old days ever could have shown to beings who, like ourselves, understand our present human friendships so little, and so ill.

Our science as well as our arts, our loyalty as well as our power to invent, our lawfulness and our new ways of living, our reason as well as our imagination, depend upon our power to remember, and to remember with piety, what we inherit from the past

and so from the dead. The cult of the dead is not only indeed one of the oldest and newest of human cults; it stands at the very centre of the spiritual life of beings who, like us, must live in time, and learn time's lessons through memories whose meaning never becomes clear to us until death has transformed the flying present into the irrevocable past.

To-day we join in one more ceremony of this oldest and newest of cults. We commemorate the dead of the *Lusitania.*

I

Let me begin this commemoration by accepting a challenge suggested by the great word in which the innermost spirit of the cult of the dead finds its ancient expression. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The challenge has often been forced upon our attention since the 7th of May, 1915, by the many enemies who, — wagging their heads as they passed by, watching the catastrophe from the peri-

scope of their submarine as the *Lusitania* went down, scornfully jesting when they heard in the streets of some of our own cities that the *Lusitania* had gone down, rejoicing in Germany to celebrate their glorious victory over the women and children who sank with her, proclaiming, as our German-American fellow citizens have repeatedly proclaimed, in our marketplaces, that those who went down with the *Lusitania* met a fate properly suited to their folly in taking passage on her despite the warning of a merciless and hostile foreign prince — answer our words of mourning for the victims of the *Lusitania* by saying scornfully, and with their own airs of superior insight and cultivation: "Those who sank with the *Lusitania* left no works that could follow them. For what had they done? Why were they there? What made them passengers on that ship? They were seeking some private gain of their own, they were looking for adventure. Perhaps this was their wedding journey. Perhaps they had some unworthy desire to meet personal friends

of theirs who happened to live amongst the enemies of Germany. Perhaps, indirectly, some commercial enterprise in which they were engaged might tend, as Von Jagow said in the most inhuman and insulting of his official replies to President Wilson, 'to kill some of our brave soldiers.'

"Such and such alone were the works of those who took passage on the *Lusitania*. Germany warned them by means of advertisements printed in American newspapers. They neglected the warning. They went down. They proved the efficiency of German civilization. They left no other memorial, except indeed in fond hearts, in broken families, and in desolated lives." Superior minds, possessed of the true German detachment of spirit, have looked with contempt, ever since the 7th of May, 1915, upon the fate of these victims of folly. The only memorial that the cultivated German mind would suggest for them would be some sort of a settlement of accounts with the Cunard company, with the various allied powers, and perhaps with

other enemies of Germany, at home here in America and elsewhere. Whatever stands in the way of the interests of Germany is self-evidently unworthy. Whoever dies while doing what the German prince has warned him through the newspapers not to do is unworthy of consideration. Let him be forgotten.

These enemies of our country and of mankind who have viewed the *Lusitania* disaster in this light live, some of them, in Germany, and some of them in our own country. Since, at the close of last January, I had the honor to say something before this company regarding the rights and duties of Americans in the present war, and since I then mentioned the destruction of the *Lusitania*, I have had the privilege of hearing in a new form from the enemies of my country and of mankind expressions of the challenge which I have just outlined. I repeat the challenge. What did the victims of the *Lusitania* accomplish? What were their works that their works should follow them? What remains

of the great tragedy of the *Lusitania*, but the weeping eyes of the mourners, the heart-break, the desolation, the scorn and contempt of the German prince and people, of the underlings who do his work, and of those cultivated minds amongst our German fellow citizens who have always rejoiced in the *Lusitania* disaster, have regarded it as due to the skill and prowess of a superior civilization, and have despised us for viewing the destruction of the *Lusitania* as Americans and as lovers of mankind ought to view it?

I have stated the challenge. I accept it. It is a privilege to do so. Von Jagow, one of these scorners who despise us for honoring our beloved dead of the *Lusitania*, spoke the official word on behalf of his own country. The effective public opinion of his own countrymen has thus far agreed with him. Others amongst these same scorners write upon occasion for some of our own newspapers in this country. Some of them are still colleagues of my own in various academic institutions.

But when a German prince, or statesman, or diplomat, or fellow citizen, whether he was formerly my friend or not, shows by his words that he views with scorn our commemoration of the dead of the *Lusitania*, he thereby decides that he is, so long as he remains of this mind, one whom I shall treat, "as a heathen and a publican." Clear lines must be drawn somewhere. I draw them at this point, and I shall now tell you why. We honor our dead of the *Lusitania* because we know that their works do follow them, and we honor these works. Whoever, knowing the facts, scorns this our reverence, declares himself cut off in spirit from the community of mankind, and can be restored to that community only after he changes his mind and mends his manners. Until then, I rejoice whenever he expresses his scorn by writing to me a so-called open letter, or a private letter of objection, or perhaps of something which he supposes to be abuse that I shall find painful. I shall rejoice if, according to his present German lights, he despitefully

uses me. He has his guides. I am glad to be privileged to follow in my own stumbling way my own conscience. He believes himself to have his own superior judgment, perhaps German, perhaps hyphenated, certainly not humane in its outcome. I am providentially limited to my own discretion, and I rejoice in the fact. If I seem to borrow some of the language of personal sentiment, that is because we who mourn have only our own eyes to weep with, and to see with, our own memories with which to sanctify our own deeds of commemoration, our own reverence wherewith to express our loyalty.

II

"Their works do follow them." Of what works done by the victims of the *Lusitania* disaster do I speak when I repeat these ancient words?

The other day, in order to see the matter through some other eyes than mine, I turned to a friend to whom this occasion has an especial meaning. "What," I asked,

99242

"is the most important fact, from your point of view as a relative of one lost on the *Lusitania*, about the significance of this disaster?" I found my friend's reply obviously true, but so stated as to put the matter in a novel light, as when in the spring the morning sunshine finds on the familiar wall of your room some spot, some picture, some pattern of wall paper which has been in the same place all winter, and for years past, though now the new sunlight gives it in just this May morning a new significance.

"Among the young men," said my friend, "who went down with the *Lusitania*, there were some who were there because they were of a type which our country most needs — men who, when their profession gives them a definite call, are ready to go, if need be, to the ends of the earth, in order to meet that call, even if a foreign prince suddenly threatens them with his wrath, and orders them not to go on their quest, but to behave as if they were subjects of his own. The American youth who first binds himself by a solemn

profçssional promise to meet a call which has to do with his life's business, and then refuses to fulfil that call, merely because some unexpected act of princes or of peoples makes the call appear dangerous, is not acting as we want our young men to act. All great callings are dangerous, although each has its own dangers. Some of these are dangers of travel. Such dangers may be suddenly created by the arbitrary decree of a foreign prince or people. A nation of cowards would be sure that its young men would adjust their professional undertakings to their timidity, and consequently, on occasion, to the caprices of a foreign ruler who chose to advertise his threats in our newspapers. Do we want our nation to consist of such cowards? Would a nation made up of such cowards fulfil the purpose for which our fathers toiled and died? Is that the sort of professional courage and loyalty that we want to have the young men of the future exemplify? If so, then why talk henceforth about encouraging our nation

to be prepared in a military sense for possible emergencies? If our young men are to have no preparedness for the serious and sudden risks of life, why prate of national preparedness, or extol the military virtues? Enough — Whatever other passengers of the *Lusitania* were doing, these men" (and here my friend mentioned the names of several who died on the *Lusitania*) "had accepted professional tasks no one of which had anything whatever to do with the war. These men were going to meet their engagements."

The word which my friend thus gave to me in answer to my question is by good fortune identical in spirit with the word of Benjamin Franklin which has been used on the cards of announcement as one of the mottoes of this meeting. Franklin says, "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety." My friend, intuitively enlightened by sorrow, said something deeper than the words of Franklin.

Our liberties are dear to us and ought to be so. Our young professional men should be trained to be prepared for dangerous undertakings and dutifully to keep their promises when once these are made. Ralph Waldo Emerson said the well-known word about the conditions under which "'Tis man's perdition to be safe." Such conditions are realized when men make professional engagements. Some of the young men who went down on the *Lusitania* were in this position. They met the requirements defined by Franklin's word and by Emerson's line about the safety that is perdition. We can speak of them as vindicating American rights, and reverence them for their part in doing American duties. They are the men whom we want. Since they met death in such a task, we honor their memory not merely as a matter of personal grief, but as an act of reverence and piety. Blessed are they: Their works do follow them. Those who scorn us for thus honoring their memory are our enemies as well as enemies of all that makes the common life of humanity

a possible ideal. Any such scorner of our dead should be to each of us, in the name of humanity, "a heathen and a publican" so long as this is his deliberate mind, as these are his intended words, as these are his manners, as such is his view of a man's business.

III

To say this is not to speak lightly, harshly, or uncharitably. It is to state the simple and universal moral fact. And this is my reply to the challenge which I have defined. This is why we commemorate the dead of the *Lusitania.* Some of them at least were viewing life and duty as Franklin, as Emerson, and as all the wisest of our guides want us to view life. The Germans know this truth as a general truth when they talk of the loyalty and courage of their own citizens. It is their contempt for our piety in case of our own dead that constitutes, in this instance of the *Lusitania,* their own sin against the Holy Ghost, a sin officially committed by their Gov-

ernment from the moment when the submarine policy was authorized, a sin which as President Wilson quite truthfully pointed out to us in his recent message, has been steadily and officially committed in the dealings of the German Government with our own during the whole of the past year.

There is another and less austerely worded version of the moral position of the passengers on the *Lusitania* which I may quote from the admirable account of Mr. Charles Lauriat, in his little volume, "The *Lusitania's* Last Voyage."

"Naturally I saw the warning issued by the Imperial German embassy, and published in all the New York papers of May 1. This notice appeared in some of the New York papers beside the advertisement of the proposed sailings of the Cunard line. Like many other passengers I gave the notice no serious thought. No idea of cancelling my trip occurred to me. I did not sail with a feeling of defiance towards the embassy, either for the notice or for any action that

might follow. But I admit that I did not think any human being with a drop of red blood in his veins could issue an order to sink a passenger steamer without at least giving the women and children a chance to get away. True, it was a ship of a belligerent nation and carried citizens of countries with which Germany was at war. But I could not believe their policy of 'frightfulness' would be carried to such an extent as events afterwards proved. The steamer did have in her cargo some ammunition, but taking all things into consideration I did not believe an order would be given to torpedo this boat without warning and without an opportunity being given to passengers to take to the boats. The order is now a proven fact in history."

In these words Mr. Lauriat has very naturally laid stress upon the very motive which Franklin's motto emphasizes. It is a just motive. My present interest is to emphasize the fact that the other motive, the motive that my friend in speaking of her own relative has recently emphasized to

me, is also a just and a genuine motive, and names a work that follows the lives and the memories of the victims of the *Lusitania.* They were not only asserting their rights, they were not only vindicating their liberties, they were not only trusting to the dignity and to the privileges of humanity which Germany has deliberately betrayed, and which our enemies have through all this year been scorning. They were doing their duty. And that is why we reverence their memory. They were, I say, doing their duty.

And now I may speak not merely of the professional men, and not merely of the business men whose obligations at that time took them abroad, but of the mothers who went down with the *Lusitania,* of their babes whom the will of Germany wantonly sacrificed, and whose fate the heathen and the publicans aforesaid desire us to remember with scorn, if we remember them at all. I may speak also of the young bride, well remembered here in Boston, who could not know beforehand, when she was wedded amongst

her friends in this city, that Germany intended to murder her as an act of reprisal against England. The young bride also is choosing both her privilege and her duty. If she dies for her devotion, her works do follow her, however lightly the scorners scoff at the desolation which their efficiency wrought. Upon the pathetic aspect of this tragedy it is not fitting nor clarifying to speak too passionately. But the works of innocent victims do follow them. The deep damnation of their taking off remains a lasting stain upon those who slew them, and upon the heathen and the publicans who still make sport of their doom.

Among these great sorrows we may for the moment fix our attention in order that once more, through the peephole of the passing experience, we may survey the desolation that Germany has wrought since the summer of 1914. The incident is but one. Its meaning is universal.

A Scotch mother took her babes with her on the *Lusitania*. When mothers go

with their babies to their old home, they are presumably doing their duty, as well as asserting the rights of humanity. They are entitled to the protection of all civilized mankind. This woman was travelling on a peaceful passenger steamer. The fate of her babies was determined by a deliberate official order.

A friend of mine, not long after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, read the following incident, and was moved almost automatically, and without any reflection, to express the reported facts in the form of the verses that I shall venture to read to you. The incident, as the paper contained it, I will first read to you; then the verses of my friend shall express how the matter very naturally restates itself to a kindly imagination.

A survivor, so said the newspaper, told the pathetic tale of a young Scotch mother who had clung to her two babies until they were picked up by a boat, only to find that they had already perished in her arms. On being told that all the space was needed for

those who could be saved, she said to the sailors, who wanted to bury the babies at sea, "Give me my bonnie bairns. God gave them to me to keep and they are mine to bury." She then laid them back in the water with her own hands. My friend's[1] imagination made of this newspaper word the following verses called,

A Young Scotch Woman's Lament

Oh, where do my bonnie bairns lie
That God gave me to keep —
And what is their lullaby?
Only the dirge of the deep,
Only the winds and the waves
That moan where my little ones sleep,
Oh, cold and deep are their graves —
Ah me for the hearts that weep.

I held them close to my heart
In the bitter wash of the sea,
And nothing could tear us apart,
For God gave them to me.
But when I thought them saved
God set their spirits free.
Their place a mother craved —
I laid them back in the sea.

[1] "The friend" is Katharine Royce, my wife, who wrote these verses about May 15, 1915.

I gave them back to God --
To God who called them home,
But I longed for the fresh, green sod
Instead of the salt sea foam,
Yet I bless that mother and child
Saved in my babies' room.
My bairns are undefiled
And God has called them home.

"Their works do follow them." It has always been the characteristic faith of Christianity that the salvation of mankind results from the consequences that follow the death of an innocent man. Therefore, while from the Apostle Paul onward Christianity has always included within it a militant motive, and has never been merely a religion of non-resistance, but has counselled the faithful to put on the whole armor of righteousness and to enter into warfare with principalities and powers of evil, the central Christian motive, for the church militant, as well as for its Lord, has been a triumph won through contemplating the sufferings and death of its innocent founder rather than a desire to avenge even the bitterest of his

wrongs. The treason of Judas was, for early Christianity, a fact, and a fact without which the salvation of mankind could not have been accomplished. "Needs be that offences come, but woe to him by whom they come." Yet the atonement accomplished by the triumph of the risen Lord was conceived as something attained through the preciousness of his work, and not merely through the fact that when he arose the wrongs which Satan had done to mankind were avenged, or became certain to be avenged at the last day. Christianity is a religion of love rather than of vengeance, not because it is a religion of non-resistance, for, since the Apostle Paul, it never has been a religion of non-resistance, but because it has conceived that the positive value of the atoning work attributed to Christ is greater than the worst that even the power of hell can accomplish. The Christian Church had believed itself saved through the charity and the unity of spirit which results from the work of Christ, and not merely by the fact

that Judas very properly went and hanged himself, or even that Satan at the last day is to be cast into the pit and the sufferings of man thus avenged.

When we lament the innocent dead, their best memorial resembles what the Christian church has always regarded as the memorial left in consequence of the death of its Lord. The death of Christ according to the teachings of the religious imagination of Christianity saves because, through the memory of his death all those whom, in the great words of the Fourth Gospel, the Father has given him are, or will become "One even as we" (namely the Father and the Son) "are One." So the best memorial of our dead consists in the fact that through what they have suffered those who inherit their work are brought together, are loyally united, are inspired to brotherhood and unity. When we remember this fact it may still be the case that we must resolutely fight against the spirit to which such crimes are due. Still we best see and feel how their works do fol-

low them when we consider some facts about the *Lusitania* disaster and its consequences, which I now may best bring before you in words not my own.

A French lady, formerly a successful teacher and an honored scholar in this country, wrote soon after the sinking of the *Lusitania* a letter of condolence to the friend whom I have already mentioned, whose young relative died on the *Lusitania* while on his way to meet a professional duty. The writer of the letter is herself a woman of beautiful character and of deep though very sorrowful experience. After speaking of the young professional man whom I have already mentioned, she added some comments which I am permitted to read to you. Though written nearly a year ago, they stand for a truth which the subsequent vicissitudes of warfare have only served to render more obvious and more inspiring. The writer, herself familiar with English through a long residence in this country, but then and ever since deeply involved in

the cares at home in her country, wrote thus:

"We feel here that the *Lusitania's* victims are heroes: in boarding the ship, in spite of Germany's mean warnings, they proclaimed the right of humanity; they are martyrs of a great cause. Their death has not been useless either; it has made the way clearer for huge throngs who were still puzzled, it has unveiled the face of Germany's sin — the sin of Cain. We all know better what we are fighting for, and as all noble deaths are productive of energy, these deaths have strengthened our soldiers' purpose and doubled their efficiency.

"It is a strange thing to live during such a war. There is no doubt about the purifying quality of sorrow, for nations as well as for individuals. Here, we see every day where our national faults were leading us; we learn a new lesson almost every hour. We are very willing to be taught, too. We try hard to amend. May we try hard enough to deserve pardon! One of many

reasons for believing in the success of the Allies is the cocksure attitude of Germany — she does not seem to begin to see her faults, which means that she is doomed. But how hard is the struggle! In Paris the population are quite adapted to the few material changes brought by the war; it is even surprising how quickly they adapted themselves; if we are to be reproached with too quick a temper in everyday life, when serious things come we are a very unhysterical, placid people indeed! You remember, this could be noticed already a few years ago during the floods. The real hardship is the moral strain; one lives under a gray cloud with perpetual anxiety that should the cloud tear open some horrible sight will be seen. I mean here the people at home, for our soldiers, strange to say, do not suffer from that tension; they remain cheerful, not to say joyous, ready for a fight and ready for a joke, grim in the fight and childlike in between actions. Yesterday, at one of the stations, I saw crowds

of '*permissionaires*' that is, trenchmen given a four days' leave, their first leave since last August. Such a bunch of college boys, although some were around forty. All were hale, sturdy, supple; surely the hard life in the trenches had not impaired their health! I believe that this war will teach our middle classes more about sport, hygiene and out of doors life than loads of books would! It teaches our country people too; the women learn to get over old prejudices, they associate to buy, or rent agricultural machinery; they are better neighbors — they are really wonderful, for the work gets done as if the men were there. I think they are very brave, too, they do not cry. And what a solace to think of nature's serenity. Yes, 'she meets with smiles our bitter grief.' I love to think of her eternal youth and beauty, dear nature, while human beings can be so horrible."

I can hardly better close this, my memorial word regarding the victims of the

Lusitania, than by this beautiful expression of the mind of one of our allies. The community of mankind has gained and is gaining a new unity through the memory of these innocent victims of a cruel outrage. The outrage was planned in order that the spoiler should triumph. It was planned by those who have sought both to distract and degrade our own country in the interest of a foreign prince, and of a people who have lost touch, for the time, with their own spiritual dignity. But the outrage has unified the allies who are opposed to Germany as the most ingenious enemy of Germany could never before have hoped to unify them. To us in America the outrage has taught a lesson which we much needed, and which Germany has been teaching us, with unwearied persistence, ever since the submarine policy was initiated. When, last January, I ventured to express the hope that we should soon be able to stand morally and clearly in opposition to the enemies of mankind, some who heard me

thought my form of expression extreme. President Wilson's last message to Congress has now fully justified in its own spirit the position which I had the honor to defend before you. To-day we are nearer than ever, not merely to the clear knowledge, but to the official national expression of what our duty as Americans is in this crisis. This clearness we owe, this inspiring glimpse of the unity of mankind we also owe, to the memory and to the lesson of the *Lusitania* disaster. Their works do follow them. It is our present duty to do our best that this lesson shall not be forgotten, and that these works shall still follow those who died on the *Lusitania*.

CHAPTER VI

WORDS OF PROFESSOR ROYCE AT THE WALTON HOTEL AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1915[1]

I WAS born in 1855 in California. My native town was a mining town in the Sierra Nevada, — a place five or six years older than myself. My earliest recollections include a very frequent wonder as to what my elders meant when they said that this was a new community. I frequently looked at the vestiges left by the former diggings of miners, saw that many pine logs were rotten, and that a miner's grave was to be found in a lonely place not far from my own house. Plainly men had lived and died thereabouts.

[1] After the dinner at the Walton Hotel, Professor Royce, in acknowledgment of the kindness of his friends, made a brief statement, largely autobiographical in its character. The following is a summary of this statement, and is founded upon some notes which friends present amongst the guests have kindly supplied, to aid the speaker to remind his friends of the spirit of what he tried to express.

I dimly reflected that this sort of life had apparently been going on ever since men dwelt in that land. The logs and the grave looked old. The sunsets were beautiful. The wide prospects when one looked across the Sacramento Valley were impressive, and had long interested the people of whose love for my country I heard much. What was there then in this place that ought to be called new, or for that matter, crude? I wondered, and gradually came to feel that part of my life's business was to find out what all this wonder meant. My earliest teachers in philosophy were my mother, whose private school, held for some years in our own house, I attended, and my sisters, who were all older than myself, and one of whom taught me to read. In my home I heard the Bible very frequently read, and very greatly enjoyed my mother's reading of Bible stories, although, so far as I remember, I was very generally dissatisfied with the requirements of observance of Sundays, which stand out somewhat prominently in my memory. Our home

training in these respects was not, as I now think, at all excessively strict. But without being aware of the fact, I was a born nonconformist. The Bible stories fascinated me. The observance of Sunday aroused from an early time a certain more or less passive resistance, which was stubborn, although seldom, I think, openly rebellious.

The earliest connected story that I independently read was the Apocalypse, from a large print New Testament, which I found on the table in our living room. The Apocalypse did not tend to teach me early to acquire very clear ideas. On the other hand, I did early receive a great deal of training in dialectics, from the sister nearest to me in age. She was three years my senior. She was very patiently persistent in showing me the truth. I was nearly as persistent in maintaining my own views. Since she was patient, I believe that we seldom quarrelled in any violent way. But on occasion, as I remember, our dear mother used, when the wrangling grew too philosophical, to set me

the task of keeping still for an hour. The training was needed, but it was never wholly effective in suppressing for any great length of time the dialectical insistence.

I was not a very active boy. I had no physical skill or agility. I was timid and ineffective, but seem to have been, on the whole, prevailingly cheerful, and not extremely irritable, although I was certainly more or less given to petty mischief, in so far as my sisters did not succeed in keeping me under their kindly watch.

Since I grew during the time of the civil war, heard a good deal about it from people near me, but saw nothing of the consequences of the war through any closer inspection, I remained as vague about this matter as about most other life problems, — vague but often enthusiastic. My earliest great patriotic experience came at the end of the civil war, when the news of the assassination of Lincoln reached us. Thenceforth, as I believe, I had a country as well as a religious interest. Both of these were ineffective interests, ex-

cept in so far as they were attached to the already mentioned enthusiasms, and were clarified and directed by the influence of my mother and sisters. Of boys outside the household I so far knew comparatively little, but had a considerable tendency, as I remember, to preach down to what I supposed to be the level of these other boys, — a predisposition which did not prepare me for social success in the place in which I was destined to pass the next stage of my development, namely San Francisco.

When we went to live in San Francisco, I for the first time saw, first San Francisco Bay, and then the Ocean itself, which fascinated me, but which for a long time taught me little.

About June, 1866, I began to attend a large Grammar School in San Francisco. I was one of about a thousand boys. The ways of training were new to me. My comrades very generally found me disagreeably striking in my appearance, by reason of the fact that I was redheaded, freckled, countrified,

quaint, and unable to play boys' games. The boys in question gave me my first introduction to the "majesty of the community." The introduction was impressively disciplinary and persistent. On the whole it seemed to me "not joyous but grievous." In the end it probably proved to be for my good. Many years later, in a lecture contained in the first volume of my *Problem of Christianity*, I summarized what I remember of the lesson of the training which my schoolmates very frequently gave me, in what I there have to say about the meaning which lies behind the Pauline doctrine of original sin, as set forth in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Yet my mates were not wholly unkind, and I remember lifelong friendships which I formed in that Grammar School, and which I still can enjoy whenever I meet certain of my dear California friends.

In the year 1871, I began to attend the University of California, where I received my first degree in 1875.

The principal philosophical influences of my undergraduate years were: 1. The really very great and deep effect produced upon me by the teaching of Professor Joseph LeConte, — himself a former pupil of Agassiz, a geologist, a comparatively early defender and exponent of the Darwinian theory, and a great light in the firmament of the University of California of those days; 2. The personal influence of Edward Rowland Sill, who was my teacher in English, during the last two years of my undergraduate life; 3. The literary influence of John Stuart Mill and of Herbert Spencer, both of whom I read during those years. There was, at that time, no regular undergraduate course in philosophy at the University of California.

After graduation I studied in Germany, and later at the Johns Hopkins University, still later returning a while to the University of California from 1878 to 1882. Since 1882 I have been working at Harvard. In Germany I heard Lotze at Göttingen, and was for a while strongly under his influence.

The reading of Schopenhauer was another strong influence during my life as a student in Germany. I long paid a great deal of attention to the philosophy of Kant. But during the years before 1890, I never supposed myself to be very strongly under the influence of Hegel, nor yet of Green, nor of either of the Cairds. I should confess to the charge of having been, during my German period of study, a good deal under the influence of the Romantic School, whose philosophy of poetry I read and expounded with a good deal of diligence. But I early cherished a strong interest in logic, and long desired to get a fair knowledge of mathematics.

When I review this whole process, I strongly feel that my deepest motives and problems have centred about the Idea of the Community, although this idea has only come gradually to my clear consciousness. This was what I was intensely feeling, in the days when my sisters and I looked across the Sacramento Valley, and wondered about the great world beyond our mountains. This

was what I failed to understand when my mates taught me those instructive lessons in San Francisco. This was that which I tried to understand when I went to Germany. I have been unpractical, — always socially ineffective as regards genuine "team play," ignorant of politics, an ineffective member of committees, and a poor helper of concrete social enterprises. Meanwhile I have always been, as in my childhood, a good deal of a nonconformist, and disposed to a certain rebellion. An English cousin of mine not long since told me that, according to a family tradition current in his community, a common ancestor of ours was one of the guards who stood about the scaffold of Charles the First. I can easily mention the Monarch in modern Europe, in the guard about whose scaffold I should most cheerfully stand, if he had any scaffold. So much of the spirit that opposes the community I have and have always had in me, simply, elementally, deeply. Over against this natural ineffectiveness in serving the community, and over against this

rebellion, there has always stood the interest which has taught me what I nowadays try to express by teaching that we are saved through the community.

The resulting doctrine of life and of the nature of truth and of reality which I have tried to work out, to connect with logical and metaphysical issues, and to teach to my classes, now seems to me not so much romanticism, as a fondness for defining, for articulating, and for expounding the perfectly real, concrete, and literal life of what we idealists call the "spirit," in a sense which is indeed Pauline, but not merely mystical, super-individual; not merely romantic, difficult to understand, but perfectly capable of exact and logical statement.

The best concrete instance of the life of a community with which I have had the privilege to become well acquainted has been furnished to me by my own Seminary, one whose meetings you have so kindly and graciously permitted me to attend as leader, on this to me so precious occasion.

. . . But why should you give so kind an attention to me at a moment when the deepest, the most vital, and the most practical interest of the whole community of mankind are indeed imperilled, when the spirit of mankind is overwhelmed with a cruel and undeserved sorrow, when the enemies of mankind often seem as if they were about to triumph?

Let me simply say in closing, how deeply the crisis of this moment impresses me, and how keenly I feel the bitterness of being unable to do anything for the Great Community except to thank you for your great kindness, and to hope that we and the Community shall see better times together. Certainly unless the enemies of mankind are duly rebuked by the results of this war, I, for one, do not wish to survive the crisis. Let me then venture, as I close, to quote to you certain words of the poet Swinburne. You will find them in his *Songs before Sunrise*. Let the poet and prophet speak. He voices the spirit of that for which, in my poor way, I have always in my weakness been working.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

By A. C. Swinburne

Watchman, what of the night? —
  Storm and thunder and rain,
  Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watchfires unlit.
Only the balefires are bright,
  And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
  Trampling the children of men.

Prophet, what of the night? —
  I stand by the verge of the sea,
  Banished, uncomforted, free,
Hearing the noise of the waves
And sudden flashes that smite
  Some man's tyrannous head,
Thundering, heard among graves
  That hide the hosts of his dead.

Mourners, what of the night? —
  All night through without sleep
  We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
  Mouths of wolf and of hound,
Give us them back whom the guns
  Shot for you dead on the ground.

Dead men, what of the night? —
  Cannon and scaffold and sword,

Horror of gibbet and cord,
Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
Mowed us down for the right.
We do not grudge or repent.
Freely to freedom we gave
Pledges, till life should be spent.

Statesman, what of the night? —
The night will last me my time.
The gold on a crown or a crime
Looks well enough yet by the lamps.
Have we not fingers to write,
Lips to swear at a need?
Then, when danger decamps,
Bury the word with the deed.

Exile, what of the night? —
The tides and the hours run out,
The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
And the broad blown breaths of the sea.

Captives, what of the night? —
It rains outside overhead
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here in the season's despite
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

Princes, what of the night? —
  Night with pestilent breath
  Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
  Crouch at our feet and are fed.
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
  Life where we triumph is dead.

Martyrs, what of the night? —
  Nay, is it night with you yet?
  We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
  Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
  Shines as the face of a star.

Europe, what of the night? —
  Ask of heaven, and the sea,
  And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
  All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone:
  Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night? —
  I feel not the red rains fall,
  Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white

With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

May the light soon dawn. May the word of the poet and prophet soon come true. This is my closing greeting to you.

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